

Mr. Lincoln and the New York Press.

Published a few days ago the comments of the New York Journal of Commerce upon the suppression of that paper and the New York World by order of the President, for publishing a bogus proclamation, without any knowledge on his part of the circumstances attending the imposition. The act was a high-handed outrage upon the Constitution and the laws, and the rights and immunities of the citizen. No crime was proven against these papers, or even the intention of anything that would look as though there was a wrong intended against the public interests.

The suppression of those papers, under the circumstances, has the appearance of its being an act of petty malice unworthy of the individual who occupies the high position of President of the United States, whom it seems as if he would disregard the constitutional rights of the citizen because he had the power to thus gratify his personal vindictiveness or to avenge his disappointments.

The editor of the World, in a letter to the President, which we publish this morning as a part of the history of the times, most ably and eloquently vindicates the freedom of the Press from this assault of the President. It should be read by all who value the rights of freemen. If the liberty of the press and the freedom of speech are not maintained, our boasted free institutions will soon become as the sounding brass on the tinkling cymbal, and their glory will have departed. In this connection we copy the forcible remarks of a contemporary:

"We hope every citizen, every freeman, will read the address of Mr. MARBLE, will consider well what he says, and then decide whether it is safe to re-elect such a man President of the United States. Can we hope to preserve even a remnant of our free Government under the rule of such a Chief Magistrate for four years more? Can he put down the rebellion while thus assailing the Constitution? No, we do not believe it. If he has no respect for the Constitution, no respect for the laws, no respect for the rights of men in the North, no respect for the Union men of the South, is he a fit and proper man to re-elect President of the United States? This is the question which the people are to answer, and if they are worthy to be freemen, they will answer in a manner to make all such men tremble."

Amos Kendall on the Crisis—Second Series—Letter Seventh.

McCLELLAN AND GRANT—WHY McCLELLAN DID NOT TAKE RICHMOND IN 1862—THE CONSEQUENCES.

To every American citizen who longs for a speedy restoration of peace, liberty, and the Union.

The writer of these letters has been too much interested in the tragic scenes which have illustrated the last two weeks to pursue his unwelcome theme, and doubtless his readers have been as little inclined to read as he to write. Instead of at present following his proposed order of discussion, let us consider passing scenes in their relation to the past.

In 1862 when General McClellan was before Richmond with the army of the Potomac, there were five major generals in the State of Virginia with separate commands, viz: McClellan before Richmond, Wool at Fortress Monroe, McDowell at Fredericksburg, Banks in the Shenandoah Valley, and Fremont in Western Virginia. The President himself and Secretary of War gave orders direct to each of these generals, constantly interfering with their plans, and especially those of General McClellan.

The number and description of troops necessary, in that general's opinion, for the capture of Richmond, had been definitely fixed upon apparently with their approval. But when he was about to start, the President took from him 10,000 men of those troops, Blenker's division, for the purpose of increasing the command of General Fremont. Before he left Washington he had been authorized to draw 10,000 men from Fortress Monroe to aid him in his enterprise. The day after his arrival at that post, that authority was withdrawn from him. Thus, before he advanced upon Richmond, he was deprived of 20,000 men of the best fighting force.

General McClellan believed that with the aid of McDowell's corps of 35,000 men, he was still strong enough to take the rebel capital. He fought his way to its very gates and McDowell was on the point of joining him, when he was ordered upon other service and the rebel capital was saved!

Now, who can doubt that if McClellan had been allowed to retain these 35,000 men, and to manage the campaign in his own way, even with out the power to order reinforcements which Grant now possesses, Richmond would have been taken and the rebellion driven further South, perhaps entirely suppressed? Who then is responsible for the subsequent course of the war, the indefinite prolongation of the war? Who is responsible for the awful consequences of this deplorable McClellan of the force deemed by him necessary for the capture of Richmond? Who is responsible?

For the blood of Antietam? For the blood of Fredericksburg? For the blood of Chancellorsville? For the blood of Gettysburg?

For the blood that is now flowing in rivers between Fredericksburg and Richmond?

Yes, who shall answer for all this carnage when God "maketh inquisition for blood"? Not surely Gen. McClellan, who would have been vented, it had been left alone. And the joy that now animates every loyal heart on hearing the sounds of victory from the Army of the Potomac, is saddened by the reflection that the blood which it costs is a sacrifice made necessary by military and political jealousy, now intensified into personal hatred, which apparently would rather see the Union perish than that General McClellan should be in subordinate command, and Gen. Grant in saving it.

AMOS KENDALL.

May 20, 1864.

For the Sentinel.

Mr. Editor—I find the following item in your paper of this morning:

"James B. Ryan, of Marion county, we see by our exchanges is spoken of as the probable Democratic candidate for Congress in the Sixth District."

Permit me to say, while grateful for the flattering kindness of my friends in naming me as the Democratic candidate for Congressional honors in the district, under the circumstances, I permit my name to be used in that connection. It will be both a pleasure and a duty to do all in my power to aid the election of a Democratic candidate, whose name may be, and I have but little doubt that such will be the case, and that Congress from this district, who will work more to the true interests of the country than the petulant party rule. The only hope of the country is in the triumph of Democratic principles and the party who uphold them, and who have an abiding faith that such will be the result, if our Republican institutions are preserved through this terrible ordeal they are now passing.

Yours truly,

JAMES B. RYAN.

Indiana, May 30, 1864.

It is said that in France a convict was lately tracked into the service of a young married couple, where he was officiating as a very pretty lady's maid, and had been doing all the duties of his role for three months. The horror of the young married lady, and still more of the husband, may be imagined when the police said, "That young woman is the man we want."

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS.

The Editor of the New York World to the President of the United States.

To His Excellency, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States:

Sir—That the King can do no wrong is the theory of a monarchy. It is the theory of a constitutional republic that its chief magistrate may do wrong. In the former the ministry are responsible for the King's acts. In the latter the President is responsible for the acts of his ministers. Our Constitution admits that the President may be in error in providing for a judgment upon his doings, by the people, in regular elections. In providing for his impeachment, it admits that he may be guilty of crime.

In a government of laws, and not of men, the most obscure citizen may without indecorum address himself to the Chief Magistrate, when to the Constitution whence you derive your temporary power and be the guaranty of his perpetual rights, he has constantly paid his unquestioning loyalty, and when to the laws, which your duty demands for his faithful execution, of he has rendered entire obedience.

If the matter of his address be in his person, property and rights, the Constitution has been disregarded and the laws disobeyed; if its appeal to the principles of justice be no more earnest than the solicitude of its regard for truth, and if the manner of his address be no less temperate than firm, he does not need courtly phrases to propitiate an attentive hearing from a Chief Magistrate who loves his country, her institutions and her laws.

In the World of last Wednesday morning was published a proclamation, purporting to be signed by your Excellency and countersigned by the Secretary of State, appointing a day of fasting and prayer, and calling into military service by volunteering and draft four hundred thousand citizens between the ages of eighteen and forty-five. That proclamation was a forgery, written by a person who, ever since your departure from Springfield for Washington in 1861, has enjoyed private as well as public opportunities for learning to counterfeit your speech and style, and whose services for the purpose were paid by the New York Times and upon the New York Tribune acquainted him with the entire newspaper machinery of the city, and enabled him to insert forged forgeries into the regular channels by which we receive news, at a time when the inspection of its genuineness was impossible, and suspicion of its authenticity was improbable.

The manifold paper, resembling in all respects that of the New York Times, and in the handwriting of its printer, put in the hands of the New York Times and upon the New York Tribune acquainted him with the entire newspaper machinery of the city, and enabled him to insert forged forgeries into the regular channels by which we receive news, at a time when the inspection of its genuineness was impossible, and suspicion of its authenticity was improbable.

Our misfortune was complete. At an early hour, however, before the business of the city had fairly begun, it was discovered that we had been imposed upon, and were being made to appear the instruments of a deception of the public. There was no delay in vindicating our character. Our whole machinery for spreading news was set in motion instantly to announce that we had been deceived by a forgery—that your Excellency had issued no proclamation. The sale of papers for our country was stopped. Our butties to the South, bound for Europe that day, were stopped. The owners' and purser's files were stopped. News room bundles and files were stopped, and the agent of the line was informed that the proclamation was a forgery. Our printers and pressmen were brought from their homes and beds to put in type and publish the news of our misfortune. Our bulletin boards were placarded with the order of recall for the discovery of the forgery, and to the Associated Press I sent a telegram reciting all the facts, for him to transmit at once to nearly every daily paper in the North, from Maine to California.

Thus before the South could be deceived, before your Secretary of State had officially branded the forgery, the wings which we had given to Truth had enabled her to outstrip every where the Falsehood we had unwittingly set on foot, and in many places the truth arrived before the forgery had come to tell its tale.

For any injury done to ourselves, to the Government, or the public, this publicity was ample antidote. It indeed made injury impossible.

But the insult to your Excellency was the greater in proportion to the eminence of your station. Early in the afternoon of Wednesday, the chief editor of the Journal of Commerce, which had been deceived precisely as we were, to the headquarters of the Department of the East, and we laid before the commanding General every clue to our possession which could lead to the discovery of the guilty persons. All the facts above recited were telegraphed at once to you through the Secretary of War by General Dix. I assert our utter blamelessness. I assert, moreover, that I have never known a mind so prejudiced in its hostility to the Government, and would not enforce the conviction of our utter blamelessness.

Here was the absence of an intent to do wrong; here was an anxiety for an injury unwittingly assisted, more complete and effective than the injury itself; here was alacrity in search of the wrong doer, and assistance rendered to your subordinate to discover the author of the insult done to you.

With these facts set fully before you by the General commanding this department, you reiterated an order for my arrest and imprisonment in Fort Lafayette; for the seizure and occupation of the World by the Government, and the suppression of its publications. The Journal of Commerce, its editors and publishers, were included in the same order.

I believe, though I cannot state of my own knowledge, that to the commanding General's assertion of our entire blamelessness it was owing that the order for our arrest and incarceration was rescinded. But the order for the suppression of the World by the Government, and your orders General Dix sent a strong military force to its publication office and editorial rooms, who ejected their occupants, and for two days and three nights held possession there, injuring and abducting some of their contents, and permitting no one to cross the threshold.

Not until Saturday morning did this occupation cease. Not until day has the World been free to speak. But to those who have ears to hear, its absence has been more eloquent than its columns could ever be.

To characterize these proceedings as unprecedented, would be to forget the past history of your administration; and to characterize them as such, would be to deny the fact that the principle of human nature from which it arises that men submitting once and again to lawless encroachments of power, with every increment of indignation would be contented to use something of the old, free, keen sense of their true nature and real danger.

CHARLES was doubtless adroit and applauded for the crimes by which he lost his life. For or can you do any other than to be avaricious, oppressive, and unjust a thing that it will not be applauded by those whose prosperity and power you have created and may destroy.

To characterize these proceedings as arbitrary, would be to forget the fact that the principle of human nature from which it arises that men submitting once and again to lawless encroachments of power, with every increment of indignation would be contented to use something of the old, free, keen sense of their true nature and real danger.

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Two Remarkable Letters.

We copy the following letters from the La Crosse (Wis.) Democrat, with every reason to believe that not a few who will read them, who, if they had the courage, would make known publicly, as has the to be pithed "Dodger," their own experience:

LETTER NUMBER ONE.

LA CROSSE, April 6, 1864.

"Brick" Pomeroy, Ed. Democrat:

Argued eye friend, I am in much trouble. Will you hear my prayer and give vent to advice? My wife—the sweet partner of my terrestrial joys and earthly hallucinations—has joined the Loyal Female League. She is on the benevolent altogether now for two months. She is in a good woman, a model of her sex, and compared to her, all others of her sex are but as insects.

91. come home at noon, and she is off to see Mrs. Oudley on League business. I find cold vittles for dinner, and she is about the kitchen and things, but she greets me not! I come home to tea, but there is no tea! I grub it in the pantry! That blessed wife of mine is off to see about the League. At midnight I come home and she is still absent. I go to bed. I leave the door unlocked. I dream of robbers. The children squall for the nourishment I have not. It is lonesome. Soon I hear a step. A pair of steps—two pairs of steps. Tenor and base steps. I listen. Two pairs of steps climb my one pair of steps. They linger at the threshold—there are indistinct words—one pair comes up—one pair goes hence—my wife has returned. Noble woman! Kind neighbor! All for the soldiers!

I go down next day to my shop. I return at dinner time—my wife is out. I eat another lunch. I return to my shop. She is there! I go home. I want to ask my wife something privately, but two hundred women are there to get the measure of my drawers for the League. Then my wife goes down town. I follow her. She dodges me, and she goes by me, and she tells me to get out of their way. They take my wife off. I love her. I look for her diligently, but she is not to be found. I stand on the street. She is not to be found. I am cross over, and she has vanished. Noble woman! She does so much good. She has helped send two pairs of mittens and an embroidered shirt-tail to the Sanitary Commission. I have not seen her for five weeks—that is, to talk with her.

When will she be over? I want my wife at home alone. If you see my wife tell her I want her. Noble woman—she loves the soldiers! Yours truly,

DODGER.

LETTER NO. TWO, (PRIVATE).

LA CROSSE, April 6, 1864.

My Dear "Brick." Don't put this in the Democrat, or I'll catch fire! My wife is on the League, and she has joined a woman's society, where one makes darning mittens for soldiers, and the rest tell yarns about their neighbors. Egad! But ain't I lucky. But you know I was brought up a pet. My blood is that of a gazelle. My wife is not like Mrs. Amazon, but for size she is not like Mrs. Amazon, but in spite she is terrible! She is sewing for the League. And what nice times I have. Come up and take supper with me any time. No danger of finding her at home. I have the funniest kind of times now! Hired girl is very kind and attentive! She has plenty to do in the kitchen. All the rest of the house I run. To be sure, things look a little like a larder, and slovenly, but what of it? I can do as I please. I go to the school—drink beer—play poker—tomp with the servant girl—thrust the young ones—wear dirty shirts—smoke a pipe in the parlor—hang my hat on the floor—spit tobacco juice on the hearth—go to dances and go home with the girls—play seven-up with my oldest boy, and do just as I please! Come up and see me! My wife is on the League. Deuced glad of it. Hope the League will be chartered to run forever. It's a good thing.

If it comes in your way, give my wife a puff. She likes it. It makes her more devoted to Mr. Lloyd, and gives me a better chance to slosh around. Come up and see me. Send me the fellows up. Bring some soap and a pack of cards. These Leagues are big things. And bring up a pint of paragon for the babies—to keep them quiet.

Yours forever,

DODGER.

STATE ITEMS.

—PUTNAM COUNTY DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.

The following is a brief summary of the doings of the Putnam County Democratic Convention, held on Saturday, the 28th day of May, at Greencastle:

Judge John Cowgill was chosen chairman, and H. W. Daniels and John J. Chapman, Secretaries.

The roll of the township was then called. All answered except Mill Creek.

The basis of 21 votes to our county, as adopted by the Central Committee, was adopted for the Congressional, Judicial, and Senatorial Conventions, and the local officers were elected to hand in their delegates to the State Convention.

I give you the delegates to the State Convention: As Gordon, D. Long, J. G. Edwards, B. F. Thompson, A. Bowers, Wm. Bridges, Dr. H. Ten, J. Dooley, D. Hopwood, V. H. Day, J. McNavy, J. H. Farmer, Austin M. Puetz, Melvin McKee, Archibald Johnston, S. Gardner, W. E. D. Barnett, H. Elliott, H. H. Dyer, D. S. Dockworth, Judge Eckels, Major Ross, and Melville McHaffie.

The Convention then proceeded to nominate candidates, which resulted as follows: For State Legislature—Samuel C. Oliver and A. M. Puetz.

For Sheriff—Green Burrow. For Treasurer—W. E. D. Barnett.

For County Commissioner, 21 District—W. D. Smyth.

For Surveyor—H. M. Randall. The Convention then, by resolution, instructed our delegates to vote as follows:

For Judge of the Circuit—Delana R. Eckels. For Common Pleas Judge—James A. Scott. For Common Pleas District Attorney—P. Harvey.

The following resolution was then passed unanimously: Resolved, That it is the unanimous wish of this Convention that the Hon. D. W. Voorhees be the next candidate for Congress in the 7th Congressional District.

The proceedings of the Convention are, by resolution, requested to be published in the Sentinel, Indianapolis, and Weekly Press, Greencastle.

The Convention was harmonious, and Putnam county will sustain her reputation of the last election.

H. W. DANIELS, Sec'y.

—AN INQUIRY.—A correspondent at Bloomington writes us as follows:

"Please inform an anxious inquirer, whether the last paragraph of the Indianapolis letter to Creighton Daily Eq., is iron or earnest. Please reply through the Weekly Sentinel as it may oblige more than the undersigned."

We answer in reply of course. The statements and arguments contained in the letter referred to could have no other conclusion. This we state without consultation with Judge Perkins.

MARRIED.

In the English Lutheran Church, in this city, at 8 1/2 o'clock P. M., on the 30th inst., by Rev. J. A. Knudsen, Mr. ROBERT CARVERSON to Miss LARSEN. No wedding.

This amiable young couple, raised in our midst, and returned by all who knew them, left immediately after the nuptial ceremony a well-to-do, happy pair, with them the best wishes of hosts of friends for long life, health, happiness and everything that makes the married life one of unalloyed pleasure and happiness.

OMNIBUS LINE.

CROWN HILL.

OMNIBUS LINE.

AN OMNIBUS LINE WILL COMMENCE RUNNING this Monday morning, May 30th, from the Post Office, Palmer House and Bates House, to

CROWN HILL CEMETERY, making four round trips daily, according to the following time table:

Leave. Arrive. 7:40 A. M. 8:00 A. M. 9:20 A. M. 11:20 A. M. 1:30 P. M. 3:30 P. M. 5:30 P. M. 6:30 P. M.

Fare 25 cents, or 50 cents for the round trip, to either the Cemetery or the Camp. my30-dlv

AMUSEMENTS.

METROPOLITAN HALL.

STAGE MANAGER. Mr. W. H. RILEY.

Tuesday Evening, May 31st, 1864.

MISS HELEN WESTERN.

FRENCH SPY.

SONG. MISS SONNIFIELD.

Alarming Sacrifice.

SCALE OF PRICES.

Private Boxes, for six people. \$4 00

Orchestra Seats. 50 Cents

Orchestra Seats. 25 Cents

Orchestra Seats. 10 Cents

Orchestra Seats. 5 Cents

Orchestra Seats. 2 Cents

Orchestra Seats. 1 Cent

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